

Unknown Parts of the Earth

Vast Regions as Yet Unexplored by White Men

In an exhaustive article in the *Globe*, a well known German periodical devoted to geography, Dr. Rudolph Andrus sums up the achievements of the century in regard to geography, and while he claims that the nineteenth century may well be termed the century of discoveries, he comes to the conclusion that it will still be the work of many years before the surface of the earth is known. The unknown parts of the globe are illustrated in a series of charts in which the "terra incognita" is represented in black.

Concerning the regions around the north pole, about which nothing is

known, the Asiatic continent the remotest of the nineteenth century have established new and exact lines, yet there are still smaller and larger regions, which are entirely unknown. Much remains to be done in Tibet, despite the successes of Russian, English and French travelers and Indian surveyors. This is particularly the case of the land north of the route of Nain Singh (1874-1875), south of the Kwen-lun and west of the route of the journey of De Rhins in 1893. North of the Kwen-lun and of the route of Prochowski and Hedra, stretching to the Tashila, are extensive unknown deserts. The eastern half of the Himalaya is known

only in incomplete outlines. The highest peaks of the earth in this region have been measured by trigonometry from the data of the Ganges river, but their bases and their tops have not been reached. Unknown in the sense of modern research is also the territory east of Bhutan across the Tsangpo, Brahmaputra, and the Yang-tse-kiang. In the southern part of Arabia is the so-called "vacant quarter," as will be seen from a glance at the map, an area more than twice the extent of the German empire.

Activity in Africa. In Africa the researches have been particularly active, and what is known of this continent is almost exclusively the result of work in the nineteenth century. But there is still much darkness in regard to this continent, and the classic question *Quid novi ex Africa?*

LUNA'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

This, the latest photograph of the moon, comes to us direct from Paris, where it was taken through the great telescope at the observatory. Being the largest telescope in the world, this instrument has brought the moon as well as all other celestial objects in space, almost within "speaking distance" of the earth. At all events, a large and successful photograph was



the result of the Parisian scientific efforts. It was taken on a plate twenty-three inches square, and is pronounced by experts one of the finest ever made.

This photograph was taken at 3 a. m., when the sky was quite bright, by M. C. Le Monnier, one of the greatest authorities in France on lunar photography.

Mr. Moore was still unconvinced. "You may leave the country," she answered coldly. "You are not of it. I am. I have been brought up by it, and I love it. Am I going to run away because we are going to be invaded by the hordes from the Transvaal? Do you think I have so little confidence in our British relations as that? Besides, where should I go? I have no relations in the world, so far as I know, but my father."

"You will not understand me," said Moore. "The house, began to darken, but Elizabeth did not notice that. 'Miss Leslie—Miss Leslie, I love you with all my soul! I wish you to be my wife.' If the couple they were ascending had suddenly been overtaken by a sudden rain, Elizabeth could not have been more astonished. Elizabeth looked at the man for a minute, to see if he were really in earnest; then, as once more he tried to lay his hand on hers, she shook it off and drew her horse aside.

"Mr. Moore, you have taken me by surprise. I never for a moment dreamt of such a thing. Why, you've only seen me two or three times! But I think we had known each other for a lifetime it would be all the same. Thank you for the honor you have done me, but it is quite out of the question. I do not love you, and could never be your wife."

It was as well she did not see the expression of his face now. He did not speak for a few minutes. "I was trying to conquer myself," he said. "I will not take that as my answer, Miss Leslie," he said at last, in the same tone as before. "I have spoken too suddenly; you were not prepared for it. I will wait until you have seen your father, until he has spoken to you. Perhaps your answer then will be different."

"It cannot be different," the girl retorted. "What could my father say to change my feelings? You may as well take your answer now, Mr. Moore; and please don't think it is because I did not expect what you have just said. I have made such an answer, I am very sorry if I have hurt your feelings, but I can't help it. Now I am going to put Moore to a gallop; we are getting near home."

She put the words into action, and the next moment the gallant little veldt pony was flying over the level plain, the girl keeping her seat like one to the manner born, her slight figure erect, her reins held with the negligent yet firm hand of a thorough horsewoman. It was a pretty sight in the horse and rider lit up by the red blaze of sunset, the girl's whole figure simply outlined in the crimson light, her ruddy hair touched with the gold of the setting sun.

Moore followed. There was a look on his face that would have given Elizabeth a thrill of indefinite fear if she had foreboded bad. He saw it, once his horse moved, as if he were waiting for himself; but no articulate sound came from them.

Elizabeth did not pause until they were close to the avenue of blue-gum and nettle; then she half turned her head to say:

"Are you coming up, Mr. Moore?" "If you have no objection, Miss Leslie," he answered in his usual low, kindling voice, and a few seconds brought them to the door of the house.

The stout figure of Miss Elizabeth appeared at the entrance, brought thither by the sound of horses' hoofs. Her thin, high-cheeked face was grey with anxious fear. "Thank God, you're safe home, my darling!" she exclaimed, using the familiar Dutch word as she was wont to do in moments of excitement. "I have not been able to do a stroke of work for over-anxiety about you. They say the Boers have entered the country."

"I didn't see them, anyway, and I've turned up all safe and sound, you see," said the girl with a little laugh, as she held an affectionate arm round Miss Elizabeth's shaggy shoulders. "Here I am to the Zulu boy who appeared from the stables—'take the horses, boy.'"

"Vah, miche!" answered the Zulu, showing his teeth in a grin. He was an intelligent looking specimen of his race, with a frank and pleasant expression on his brown visage. As Elizabeth and her aunt disappeared, Moore

LOST ON THE VELD

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"And to leave him behind! No, that could never do!" cried Elizabeth. She turned and looked straight into his face. "If that was what you wished to say to me, Mr. Moore, let me tell you at once you need say no more. As long as my father is in New Kelso I will stay with him. I am not in the least afraid. Why should a woman necessarily be a coward?"

"A coward? No! No one would accuse you of being that!" cried Moore. He turned his horse's head toward her, so close that she was able to lay her hand on hers. Elizabeth started and instantly withdrew her hand. Moore went on in a lower tone: "But you are one of those women to save whom danger or death might be worth giving up their lives. Elizabeth, listen to me. I am going out of the country, and have only been waiting here until I should dare to ask you in accordance with your father's wishes to marry me."

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demounted, but somehow his foot caught awkwardly in the stirrup, and he fell. As he rose, he saw a broad grin on the face of Sam. His rage, long at the smoldering point, burst forth, and lifting his riding whip, he struck the boy severely across the face with it.

"Take that, you black sinner!" he said, with an oath, "and learn not to laugh at my betters!"

A great wall rose on the boy's brown face, as he uttered an involuntary exclamation. It reached Elizabeth's ears, and she ran out quickly. A glance at the two revealed everything, and she turned on Moore with scorn and anger.

"You struck my boy! How dared you, you coward!" she cried, her voice full of ringing scorn and indignation. "And you dared to say to me what you did a few minutes ago! If I were my father, I would never let you cross New Kelso again! Don't touch the boy again! I dare you!"

She turned from him with increasing contempt, and walked with Sam to the stables.

Gerald Moore looked after her, an ugly line of anger about his lips. "Dared?" he repeated to himself. "You shall pay for this yet, my lady! Oh, you shall pay for it with your very heart blood!"

He smiled a smile that had something fiendish in it. Moore remained to supper. It was rather a gloomy meal. Mr. Leslie looked downcast, perhaps sulky. Miss Elizabeth was agitated and anxious. Only Moore talked and joked rather more than usual. As for Elizabeth, she never once looked at or spoke to him.

She went to her own room after supper and did not know when Moore left. About nine o'clock Miss Elizabeth knocked at her door. "Your father wants to speak to you downstairs, Elizabeth."

"Now for it," thought the girl. She opened the door. "Well, auntie, I'll go down. I suppose Mr. Moore is away?"

"Yes," said Miss Elizabeth. "I wonder why he comes so much to New Kelso, Elizabeth? I don't like him, Leslie."

"Nor I," Elizabeth answered; "but he's a millionaire, auntie, and that goes a long way with some. Well, I'll go down anyhow, and see what dad has to say."

CHAPTER IV. Adam Leslie was standing by the fireplace when Elizabeth entered, a heavy frown on his forehead, his face looking dark and determined. Elizabeth did not like this mood in her father, but she had inherited her father's determination, and was quite ready to oppose her will to his.

"Take a seat, Elizabeth," he said in a tone of business in his voice. She did so, and he went on: "Mr. Moore has been speaking about you to me."

"Indeed," said the girl coldly. "Yes. He asks for you as his wife, and I have given him his answer."

"Indeed!" said Elizabeth again. "I suppose you didn't think, then, that I had a say in the matter, dad?"

"A say in it?" repeated her father, breaking suddenly into a fury. "What say could you have but that you would do as I wanted? You shall marry Gerald Moore this day week, and be safely out of the country before the trouble begins. The man is a millionaire, rolling in money! You will go to England, where money is able to do anything, and be introduced into the highest society in the land, where you have a better right than many that are there. If all had their rights I should be Laird of Tinsilvercroft, as you know. You will wear a diamond tiara, and drive in your carriage, and be presented to her Majesty. What more should a girl want?"

His fury had faded up and gone out the next moment, like a Lucifer match, and his tone now was that of one who summons all the persuasion and argument he is master of to bring about a decision he is previously anxious for yet tries to conceal.

"And leave you and Aunt Elizabeth at New Kelso, to be attacked perhaps by the Boers?" said the girl indignantly. "No, indeed, dad, I shall do no such thing. Do you think the things you speak of are any temptation to me? What can a girl like me, who has been brought up among hardships and privations, with all the freedom of the veldt and the mountains about her, care for a glided cage in an English city, even with a diamond tiara and a carriage? But, at any rate, even if that were a temptation, I wouldn't marry Mr. Moore, not for anything he could give. I don't like him nor trust him."

"But I tell you you shall marry him, girl. You must!" exclaimed her father again furiously. He started from his position and, faced her, his face almost purple with passion and excitement, his veins standing out like knotted cords, his lips unsteady. "There's no choice in the matter—you've got to do it! I have sworn to Moore you will be his wife this day week, and you shall!"

"You had no right to promise such a thing!" retorted the girl indignantly. Elizabeth Leslie was no milk-and-water, weak-willed girl, to be bullied into such a course by her father or any one else. She had been brought up in

you hardy and independent a life for that. "I shall not marry him, father, that is certain. You don't need to try to urge me. You are my father, and I owe you affection and obedience, but not in such a matter as that of selling myself to a man, I despise and distrust. Yes, that is what I don't think was you brought him to New Kelso. If you had seen him strike Sam today—But there, what is the use of speaking?" she added quickly.

"I have given you my answer, dad, as I gave it to Mr. Moore himself today. Did he not tell you?"

Instead of answering directly, her father strode to her side, seized her arm and, holding it in such a grasp of iron that it almost wrung a cry from her lips, whispered in her ear:

"You'll have to marry him, or see your father ruined and disgraced! Elizabeth, I tell you in Gerald Moore's power. At any moment he can sell me up, take every stick I've got, and turn me out on the veldt homeless and penniless."

Elizabeth turned her face toward him. It had grown very pale, and her eyes glowed. Words of Adam Leslie kept ringing in her ears: "Ruined or that man, he is dangerous!"

"You mean," she said, slowly, in a changed voice, all the girlish defiance and brightness gone out of it, "that you are in that man's power?"

"I've been foolish lately, Elizabeth, I confess it. I've been speculating and lost. I got into Moore's power up at Marlborough. There's worse than I've told you. Moore holds a bill-of-lance that would disgrace me forever, would—his voice sank—"put me in prison."

Elizabeth gave a low cry, shrinking from her father's mouth, and covered her face with her hands.

"It was—I was not quite accountable for it," said Mr. Leslie in a husky whisper. "I—I had been taking too much. But it's done, Elizabeth, and can't be undone. You must save me. On the day that you marry him Gerald Moore will give that paper over into my hands to be destroyed."

Elizabeth's hands dropped from her face and she looked up at him.

"Do, to save you from the consequences of your crime," she said slowly, "you would make me give myself up to this unscrupulous villain—up to a villain even according to your own standard! You will be saved, but what of me? I am to be sacrificed to a life worse than death. Life with a man I fear and despise and dishonor, who—yes, I am sure of it—does not love me, but wishes for some purpose to get me, as well as you, into his clutches. Did it never strike you as being rather a cowardly thing to do, dad?"

There was a strange bitterness in her voice—a bitterness that had never been heard in Elizabeth Leslie's lips, clear young voice in all her life before. The wretched man felt it and winced; but the next moment he asked her again:

"Am your father, and I have a right to demand this of you!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Will you see your father dragged to prison and your aunt and yourself turned out on the veldt, ruined and disgraced, to be shot by the Boers, or to die of starvation? Answer me that!"

"I cannot answer you now. Let me go to my room," said Elizabeth in a low voice. "I beg your pardon, dad, for having spoken to you as I did just now. I should not have done it. But I do not think anything would justify me in marrying him."

Before he could stop her she had slipped from the room and gone up to her own. Miss Elizabeth had been waiting for her, and now came to the door.

(To be Continued.)

A Fresh Advertisement. The advertising man was telling about queer breaks made by his followers, and he remarked: "Philadelphia merchants are mighty candid advertisers. I've always known that fact, but I never saw it so strikingly illustrated as I did in the Philadelphia papers Tuesday. I picked up one of the leading papers there and read over the bargains the big stores had to offer, and in the middle of one advertisement, under the head of hats, I found this: 'What do you get when you buy a \$4 hat at other stores?—Hats. Name here, \$2.50.' Of course, I thought it was a break, but I got the other papers and I found the same thing in every one of them. Just suppose a New Yorker was as frank as that in his advertising announcements, wouldn't he do a trade, though?"—New York Sun.

Jack and Kenneth. A gaunt, muscular woman of fierce mien entered a city hall in a Dutch county seat and asked the county clerk to find out if one Jack Peters was married. Search developed the name of John Peters, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before. "I thought so," said the woman. "Married 'Lass Waters, didn't he?" "The marriage license is issued for a marriage with Miss Ella Waters," replied the clerk. "Vah. Well, I'm glad. I thought I ought to come in and tell you that Jack Peters has escaped."—San Francisco Wave.

Reason for Such Work. "New York theatrical agents are securing foreign markets for new dramatic attractions." They say! Well, they would better stay at home and secure some of the plays they have already secured.—Puck.

A woman who is too near sighted to see when the buttons are off her husband's waistcoat can often read nearly any print bargain advertisement.